cellent and useful—were sold to me at fair market prices. In the basket-weaving department, work much above the average was being done. Here I was shown a set of garden furniture of a pattern the King of Denmark had chosen. It was of an unusual design, very simple and graceful, and so cheap that it had no need of recommendation.

It was difficult here, as in other departments, to realise that one was looking at the work of children, or at most very young men and girls.

Rope-making, brush-making, and all other trades are taught by competent masters of their craft, and slip-shod bungling is not tolerated for an instant under any pretence.

By a special process, due to Danish invention, shoe-making is carried to very great perfection, and my guide informed me, with pardonable triumph, that in some industrial Exhibition (I forget which) Danish boot-making by the blind surpassed the same English industry in neatness.

I forgave the victory on the spot, and was even able to share in the sentiment of triumph. For it is impossible to study the customs and instincts of kindred nations for a number of years without realizing that whatever name they may bear, or language they may speak, their instincts and ideals are ours—that, setting aside the trivial shades of manner and mannerism that varnish the surface, we are contemplating, to a great extent, a reflection of our own ideas; more or less perfectly carried out, it is true, but similar in the main, and fast becoming cosmopolitan in the age that has vanquished distance.

To those who travel much it is the *similarity* of things that is most striking. For example: this trade-triumph! What could be more English?

Reading and writing, ciphering, geography and history, mathematics, drawing, and needlework are taught with as much care as at any other Government school.

The average blind child takes more interest and pleasure in its lessons than the child that can see. It concentrates itself more fully on the subject in hand, and, where there are intellectual gifts, the powers of combination and memory develop abnormally. This is probably why there is such a fair proportion of mathematicians of note among the blind; of musicians too, whose art is, to a great extent, dependent on the same faculties.

Writing is taught by two methods: one, intended for communication with the seeing, is formed by the aid of a very clever and extremely simple apparatus of Danish invention—the Guldbergsche writing apparatus. By its aid the children learn to write with a fair amount of facility and far greater neatness than is common to ordinary writing—the letters resemble written type. For their personal use the children form letters that meet the requisite of reading by touch. Such writing can be seen in any modern Institute for the blind. It was in this way I saw the notes taken in the music class.

That knitting, crochet work, netting and plaiting are carried to great perfection among the blind is well-known to every visitor of every modern Institution, but it is not generally known that with patience, method, and the use of proper appliances, a blind girl can be taught to cut out, thread her own needles, and sew by hand and by machine quite as well and with a greater amount of average neatness than the girl who has her eyes.

The sewing class of the Royal Institute at Copenhagen turns out unquestionably shaped and finished articles of apparel, things that could stand every test and were sold at moderate prices.

As in other workshops of the School, I noticed that the girls seemed more eagerly interested in their work than children usually are. The class was sewing shaped linen underclothing—a task usually detested by school-girls. They were taught on the precise principles enforced under such circumstances by all self-respecting schools, and as I looked at the long bare shifts they handled, a dull memory of the tense, dreary monotony of that most hated lesson of my childhood came back to me. But these blind girls evidently took a far brighter view of their work. It was impossible to look at their faces and doubt they *liked* their occupation, and took pride in forming their stitches so as to win praise.

The way in which they crowded round their business-like mistress, and eagerly waited for her advice, was very different from the sense of bored necessity with which the average school-girl of happier gifts hands up her seam for criticism.

Happier? As far as joy of action and unconsciousness of evil went, I doubt if the bulk of these children were less happy than one could desire for their age. Moping and idling seemed quite out of the question under the brisk and kindly system that ruled their young lives.

One brilliant and pretty child of about twelve struck me by the cheerfulness of her expression and the vivacity of her movements. I remarked it to the Superintendent.

"She is one of a family of eight blind children, I was told, and if I recollect aright, both parents had full possession of their eyesight. Having been born blind, she was quite unconscious of any want, and with her radiant look of fun and life, her blonde curls and bright colours formed a most charming picture of a perfectly happy little girl.

One curious case the Royal Institute has successfully treated is that of a girl who had been blind and nearly deaf from infancy. In the few years she had been able to hear she had picked up a few scraps of dialect—such as a baby would learn—after that for many years a total blank. She had grown to girlhood in darkness and silence, with an intelligence that had lain dormant from babyhood, and had consequently the capacities of an idiot. She was taught by the aid of the Rhodes' Antiphone, an instrument held between the teeth to facilitate hearing, and, very soon—far from exhibiting want of intelligence—she proved herself to be remarkably bright and clever. As though the long rest had strengthened her receptive faculties she grasped information as the famine-stricken grasps food, and presently her knowledge and intellect were subjects of remark.

Now life is a reality to her, action a joy, the acquiring of fresh information an ever-new delight.

Such examples are not isolated. They need no comment. Work that can save soul and body from a state of living death is above praise.

And yet—though much has been done—all who give their whole attention to the subject say that the greater remains to be done.

From the pitiful sickly pauper of a century ago it is a huge step to the self-respecting artisan and the trained musician. And yet, as the Superintendent of the Royal Institute himself says: "Our work has *not*